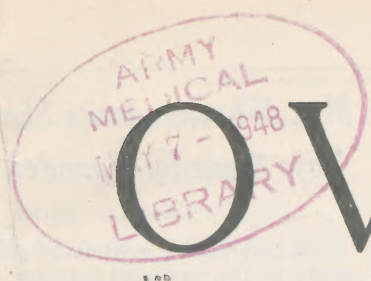


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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL, NO. 3.

Volume I. Rahway, N. J., Friday, January 17, 1919. No. 8.

## Statement to Wounded By Surgeon General Explains Plan Of Receiving Men and Returning Them To Civil Life

The War Department makes public the following statement by the Surgeon General of the Army, which is being put into the hands of every returned disabled soldier:

Upon your arrival at the port you will be sent to a debarkation hospital for a very brief stay. From there you will be sent to the general hospital, base hospital, or convalescent center, the nearest to your own home. Of course, when special treatment is required it may be necessary to have you sent to the hospital where there are facilities for this treatment. If your condition is such that you do not need hospital treatment, you will be sent to a convalescent center in an Army camp nearest your home until entirely recovered and ready for discharge.

In the cure of the sick and wounded soldier, not only the ordinary measure of medicine and surgery will be used, but also physical measures, such as are employed under physiotherapy; active exercises; indoor and outdoor games; massages and curative occupation in the hospital wards, curative workshops, and gardens. This treatment is for the purpose of correcting, as far as possible, the defects and disabilities of the soldiers.

The curative workshops are established to restore the use of injured parts of the body through useful work. The ankle joint, for instance, that has become stiffened through injury, is made to function again by exercise on a foot power machine such as a band saw, jig saw, printing press, etc. The patient while getting the curative exercises, has something to do which keeps his hands and head busy, takes his mind off his disability, and may be of educational value to him in his occupation.

The curative workshop activities are under the charge of the hospital educational service. This provides for each patient according to his needs: (a) Bedside occupation to divert his mind from his sickness or injury, and to give him something worth while to do while still confined to the bed and ward. (b) A curative occupation in the ward, shops, or gardens. (c) Occupations for study and instruction in bed, in the wards, in the class rooms, or in shops in subjects that will help him in civil life after his discharge. (d) Preliminary work in re-education for a new occupation if his injury is such

(Continued on Page Six)



JAMES BERNARD, WOUNDED AT SOISSONS.  
—Drawn by Will B. Johnstone.

## Ring Taken From Dead Hun Athletes Who Have Died Restored to Owner's Kin In Service; America's Loss

Private Andrew L. Wilson, of Ward 31, a member of Co. G, 109th Infantry, has just completed his part in an interesting procedure which harks back to the heavy fighting at Argonne Forest late in September. Through his efforts, a 32nd degree Masonic ring has been restored to the mother of the officer who wore it when he departed for France more than a year ago.

Private Wilson, himself a Mason, obtained the ring October 4th from a member of his company. His companion said that on September 27th he had removed it from the hand of a German who died in the fighting at Argonne. The ring contained an inscription showing that it had been presented to an American about 30 years ago.

After being wounded, Private Wilson was returned to this country and sent to this hospital. He communicated with the Masonic officials in New York and after a twenty-day search they located the mother of the officer who owned the ring. The records show that he was killed in action September 26. Private Wilson has received a letter of thanks from the officer's mother, thanking him for restoring the ring to the family.

(Continued on Page Six)

## 382 "Medics" Cited; Gave Aid Fearlessly

## Medical Department, Although Unarmed, Works Amid Bullets Silencing The Skeptics

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14.—Skeptics have been busy during the past war when it came to talking about the fighting done by the Medical Department. It would seem from the accounts given by some people that the "medics" don't do much of anything during time of battle except lie around and fix up homeopathic doses of nux vomica for the wounded boys who come back. As a matter of cold hard facts, the Medical Department does as much hard, bloody and nerve-racking work during a fight as anyone, and not only do they work while others are working, but their work continues on and on when the rest are resting and taking with sighs of satisfaction the oodles of praise and sympathy that every one is heaping on them.

This article is not intended to sing the praises of the Medical Department nor to heap encomiums of praise on their shoulders which may already be a trifle sore from carrying litters. It is merely a statement of facts, statistics, if you will, showing that citations for bravery among the enlisted personnel of the Medical Department during the past war were numerous and deserving, and that some of the things done by the "medics," who are not even given a gun with which to fight back, were as worthy of praise as any acts of bravery performed.

No authoritative list has ever been published of citations of bravery received by the enlisted men of the Medical Department. At various times Medical Department men would be mentioned along with others, but a complete list insofar as the names have been received has only recently

(Continued on Page Eight)

### OFFICERS' NEWS.

Captain James C. Elsom, M. C., is the new officer in charge of Physical Therapy. He succeeds Lieut. Leslie C. Sammons, M. C.

Major Emil Altman, M. C., has been appointed President of the Board of Officers, succeeding Major Neil S. MacDonald.

Three Medical Corps officers have reported at this station and have been assigned to the Surgical Service. They are Captain Richard J. Behan, First Lieutenant Richard N. Field and First Lieutenant Herman Sharlit.



## Military Ball by Non-Coms Provides Enjoyable Evening

The Non-Commissioned Officers' Club achieved a great success at its first function when, on last Saturday evening, it gave a Military Ball at the Robert Treat Hotel, Newark. While the anticipation of all had been aroused by the enthusiastic boosting of those in charge, it was expected by few that the event would display so many attractive features.

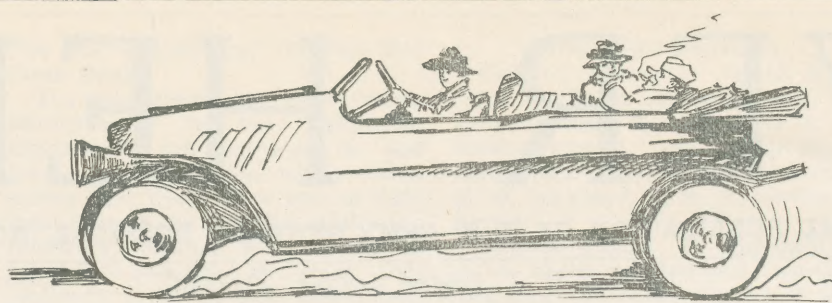
The large ball room was a splendid setting for the dance. With its high ceiling, its attractive seating arrangement, its convenient foyer and rest rooms, together with the splendid service of the hotel attendants, the place offered all the conveniences that could be requested. Upwards of 400 persons attended the party and enjoyed themselves heartily from 9 o'clock until 2, when the final number was played. Even then it was not the fault of the dancers that the orchestra members packed away their music and their instruments and went home, for judging by the final applause the party could easily have continued until an hour that might have shocked the staid Newarkers.

The preponderance of the olive drab uniforms provided a distinctive setting in the color scheme of the evening. The ladies were attired in most attractive gowns. The Commanding Officer and Mrs. Upshur honored the party with their presence and were generous with their praise for the success of the undertaking. Captain Spiegel, Commander of the Detachment, who is officer-advisor of the Club and has worked hard for the success of the organization, was present and enjoyed the function. In addition, a large number of Officers of the Post attended. The remainder of the attendance was composed of Detachment men, patients, civilians and members of the N. C. O. Club. The souvenir program contained engravings of the Post Commander and of Captain Spiegel.

The most interesting number of the evening was the presentation to the Commanding Officer and Mrs. Upshur of the silver loving cup which was presented to the Club three weeks ago by Sergeant Maxim A. Maximoff. It was a surprise number and the Commanding Officer and Mrs. Upshur were visibly impressed when they were requested to step forward and receive the token of esteem. Sergeant Harry A. Federman, president of the Club, presented the cup in a graceful speech. Colonel Upshur responding, for himself and Mrs. Upshur, expressed the confidence he places in his staff of non-commissioned officers and, after thanking the members for the cup, wished the Club a long and successful career.

During the early hours of the evening the program of dances was halted while Mrs. Maximoff sang an original song, "Over Here," dedicated to the Commanding Officer and the men of the Post. In addition to the attractive melody of the piece, it contains an inspiring sentiment. The song was well received and the audience expressed great admiration for Mrs. Maximoff and her accompanist, Miss Harriet Ware.

The program of twenty dances



WHAT WAS IT SHERMAN SAID?

### ALAS! TOO TRUE.

Oh! Once she loved a soldier, madly;  
Loved him as she loved no other,  
She was glad they kept him over—  
Left him on this side the ocean.  
For her fears were ever rising,  
Rising up to haunt her daily.  
Fears of French and Belgian maid-  
ens,

Mignon, Toinette, Yvonne, Therese—  
Oft she knitted socks and helmets.  
Knitted 'till here eyes were blinded.  
Oft she cooked him cakes and can-  
dies,

Cooked until her hands were scalded.  
Oh, she loved him and was faithful,  
Faithful as no other could be.  
And her prayer was of thanksgiving  
That the French girls could not  
vamp him.

But alas! for all her hoping,  
And her prayers so deep and fervent!  
Every one was sadly shattered;  
For while sewing on a chevron  
Came she to some pictures, lovely;  
There was one from Sacramento,  
And another from New Haven,  
'Twas a peach came from Atlanta.  
'Yours with love,' had come from  
Scranton.

All in all there were just twenty,  
Twenty from this well known union.  
Sad she was and very angry,  
Swore she never would forgive him.  
Never trust another soldier.  
Now when anyone proposes  
She adjures them, "Quit your kid-  
ding."

Says the burnt child fears the fire;  
Safe and sane is she forever.

(For particulars consult Lieut.  
Brum—gh, in the Laboratory.)

—MABEL PATRICIA.

Captain R. R. Sellers, acting Ad-  
jutant, is receiving treatment in Offi-  
cers' Ward for a severe cold. We are  
glad to report that he is improving  
rapidly.

The High School Alumni, of Irvin-  
gton, N. J., has extended an invi-  
tation for 50 men to attend a dance  
to be held on the evening of January  
24, from 8 to 11:30, at the Irvington  
High School, Madison Avenue, Irvin-  
gton.

passed all too quickly, the splendid  
offerings of the orchestra being en-  
cored repeatedly throughout the  
evening.

The entertainment committee, Ser-  
geants Maslon, Davidson and Hruby,  
and the officers of the Club managed  
the program in splendid style. They  
were ably assisted by the Floor Com-  
mittee, Sergeants Cross, Hinkle, Til-  
ford, Maximoff and Buskey, and  
Lance Corporal Bernstein. To these  
enthusiastic workers we offer our  
heartiest congratulations for the suc-  
cess of the Military Ball and the as-  
surance that all future announce-  
ments of activities on the part of the  
N. C. O. Club will be received with  
delight by the personnel of the Post.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

Second Lieutenant L. C. Denslow,  
formerly of Iowa State University,  
has reported to the School as a  
member of the psychological staff.  
He comes from Camp Taylor, where  
he was a psychological examiner. He  
is a specialist in trade testing, and in  
addition to interviewing men in the  
wards, he is to take charge of the  
enlisted personnel of the School.

Sergeant A. R. Gilliland, formerly  
of Chicago University, reports to the  
School from Cape May, General Hos-  
pital No. 11. His special interest is  
the construction of psychological ap-  
paratus. He was for several months  
a member of the psychological staff  
at Walter Reed Hospital, Washing-  
ton.

The thanks of the Post are due  
Mr. S. W. Ashe, of the General Elec-  
tric Company, Pittsfield, Mass., for  
his courtesy and deep personal in-  
terest manifested in the hospital by  
coming here to deliver an address in  
the Red Cross House on Friday eve-  
ning last. The lecture dealt with  
various phases of the General Elec-  
tric Company's work. It was unfor-  
tunate but no personal fault of Mr.  
Ashe that our picture machinery  
went awry that evening.

### HOSPITAL MUSIC.

The first instance of how hospital  
music is used in reconstruction work  
was given here Saturday when  
Yvonne de Treville, coloratura so-  
prano and grand opera prima donna,  
sang in the wards for the entertain-  
ment of the bed patients. She was  
accompanied by Miss Ruth Kemper,  
violinist. The program was offered by  
Mrs. Isa Maud Ilsen, director of hos-  
pital music, who plans to spend two  
or three days here each week.

Mrs. Ilsen has sent a number of  
musical instruments here and plans  
to organize an orchestra and a band.  
Patients and detachment men who  
play musical instruments are asked  
to offer their services. They will be  
supplied with the necessary equip-  
ment.

Another plan which will be launch-  
ed soon is that of choral singing. A  
song leader will be established here  
permanently.

The Y. M. C. A. held another very  
successful party last Thursday night  
when the chaperones from nearby  
towns escorted 100 girls here for an  
evening's entertainment. Dancing  
was one of the popular diversions  
and the lunch received the usual en-  
thusiastic reception.

### Like Shipping Furniture

#### To Grand Rapids.

First Soldier—I gotta stomach  
ache. I'm going down town and see  
a doctor.

Second Soldier—Down town? Why  
don't you go see the Officer of the  
Day?

First Soldier—The O. D.? Gosh!  
I thought he was a Lieutenant.

## Mrs. Wheeler-Jones Shows Toys Made by Wounded Men

An interesting exhibit of the toys  
made by the wounded soldiers of this  
hospital was made at Cranford  
on January 8 at the Quarterly meet-  
ing of the Village Improvements As-  
sociation. The display was arranged  
by Mrs. C. G. Wheeler-Jones, who  
also gave an interesting talk on the  
work. Mrs. Wheeler-Jones is Chief  
Head Occupational Aide in charge of  
the School of Occupational Therapy.

The exhibit of toys included sub-  
marines, airships, automobiles, rail-  
road engines, automobiles, mechan-  
ical toys, lighthouses, animals and  
baskets. They were made from odd  
pieces of wood, cigar boxes, tin cans,  
pieces of old leather and discarded  
tobacco boxes. Four convalescent  
soldiers were seated at tables, doing  
the work while the association mem-  
bers looked on. The four who at-  
tended were John C. Webb, John C.  
Lessing, David Mannery and Axel  
Liya.

Mrs. Wheeler-Jones' address re-  
vealed to the hearers the manner in  
which the work is designed to bring  
about a curative state and of the  
help it is in restoring men and en-  
abling them to return to their places  
in civil life. At first the rolling of  
small pieces of paper was a great ef-  
fort to the wounded men. Gradually  
they overcame all difficulties and  
by constant practice became skilled  
in the line they preferred. From the  
making of toys, the speaker said, the  
men go into vocational work, and the  
different trades are brought to their  
attention so that they may select an  
occupation. One interesting side-  
light offered by Mrs. Wheeler-Jones  
was to the effect that the number of  
men sent to the guard house has de-  
creased since the men took up the  
work. About 400 patients are at  
work in the courses offered by Occu-  
pational Therapy.

Miss Alice Lakey, the president of  
the association, announced that the  
sum of \$50 had been raised for the  
purpose of giving a work table to the  
boys in this hospital. It is offered  
in memory of William Hale, a Cran-  
ford aviator, who died in the service.

An excellent address on the pro-  
gram was that of Colonel Cecil G.  
Williams, of the Canadian Army. He  
dwelt upon the work of the Red  
Cross in reconstruction. He said  
that America's great work is recon-  
struction and that the Red Cross will  
find an important place in the recon-  
struction field.

### \* \* \* \* \* \* PROMOTIONS IN \* THE DETACHMENT. \* \* \* \* \* \*

To be sergeant First Class: Ser-  
geant Edward R. Davidson.

To be sergeants: Corporals James  
P. Bach, Louis E. Dieruff, Simeon E.  
Delle and Private First Class George  
C. Wright.

### HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

The following men of the Medical  
Department have been honorably  
discharged: Sergeant First Class  
Clinton H. Davis, Private First Class  
Gerson Barth, Private Joseph A.  
Smartnick and Private William  
Golden.



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4% paid on accounts of \$5.00 or more in our Special Department.  
Out of town savings accounts collected free of charge.

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# " OVER HERE "

Official Publication of  
U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL, NO. 3  
Rahway, N. J.

Published Every Friday

Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. Upshur  
Commanding Officer

Lieutenant John F. Reilly, Chaplain, Advisor  
Sergeant W. E. Conway, Editor  
Private Edward S. Bessman, Advertising Manager

All copy for Over Here must be in the hands  
of the Editor not later than Saturday night of  
each week.

Friday, January 17, 1919.

## THE LOSS OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Military men felt a distinct shock and a personal loss when the news of Colonel Roosevelt's death was announced. Great and varied as were his talents, it was perhaps as the exponent of healthful, vigorous activity that he was best known. And, after having read of the hardships he underwent during his expeditions into Africa and South America it is easy to understand why he took such a deep interest in the American soldier and why he understood this soldier so well. The Colonel had shown his true loyalty and bravery in all the various stages of the great war; and never was he greater than in receiving the news that his youngest son had died in action.

The flag at half staff in all American posts and camps had an intimate significance for men of the Army. It signified the sincere expression of a sorrow felt for the loss of a true friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

## "THERE'S NO DEFEAT SAVE FROM WITHIN."

To the Editor of "Over Here.":

I have been very much interested in each succeeding number of "Over Here." I have admired the brightness, the newness, and general appearance of your paper, and I feel sure it has a great field of usefulness for our service here. I feel flattered by your kind invitation to contribute an article to "Over Here." I have neither the time, nor the ability for such an undertaking. However, I am delighted, in my weak way, to send your this letter instead.

I wish to speak primarily of the mental attitude of our soldier patients in this hospital. So much of the progress of our patients is dependent upon a proper mental outlook and attitude that it has been a constant source of delight to me as I come among you men, to see your unbroken cheerfulness and good spirits.

They say that the Yankee Boys went over the top singing and joking. They died

in "No Man's Land" with a smile on their faces. This heroism stirs our blood. I feel, however, that that man is even more of a hero, who in the face of continual pain, physical weakness, the dullness and depression of the hospital, faces the future, though handicapped for life, with unfailing cheerfulness and good humor. He is more of a moral hero than when he faced unflinchingly, the enemy's bullets.

It is our duty to do everything we can to build up this spirit of hopefulness and good cheer. There is no greater source of happiness than useful occupation. Hope lightens every future, however dark. Every man ought to look forward to being a useful citizen, despite his handicap. He should make up his mind that come what will, he will have an occupation that will free him from dependence; and if he has a wife and children—which all men should have—he will fit himself to maintain his home and educate his children as American citizens of the future should be educated.

"For seeming set-backs make the strong man wise;

There's no defeat, save from within,  
Unless you're beaten there,  
You're bound to win."

You have proved your true metal by your bravery on the battle field. May the flame of battle and the suffering you have undergone purify the dross from each man's character and leave only the pure gold of high and honorable manhood, thus fitting you for the highest usefulness in a lifetime of citizenship in our beloved country, for which your supreme service and bravery have proven you worthy and fitted.

The greatest opportunity for pleasant and hopeful occupation, while in the hospital, is afforded in the activities offered by our school. We can renew our acquaintance with books and studies which, perhaps, we have too long neglected. This study occupies and enlightens the mind; or we can learn some useful trade or occupation. This exercises and energizes body as well as mind, and gives hope to one's future.

The finest thing the U. S. Government has done, is to provide for the retraining of disabled men after their discharge from the army. The school is the open door to this retraining. It enables a man to test out his tastes and capabilities before taking up his course in training; it enables the Federal Board to obtain direct information as to his possibilities in the line of retraining.

Let me bid you "Continue to be of good cheer;" let me, as a physician, deeply interested in you and who has studied you closely, prescribe as the surest specific for constant cheerfulness and hopeful progress mentally and physically, this splendid school maintained for your patronage.

Very sincerely yours,  
EMIL ALTMAN, Major M. C.

## THE WONDERS ABOUT US.

To those, who upon returning from early morning mess, cast an observing and appreciative eye in the general direction of the print shop, a view of surpassing beauty is afforded. Its appeal to the eye is so remarkable that even the sleepiest of soldiers might be expected to remark that there is an excuse for revelling, provided it arouses him in time to observe the sun in its daily miracle.

Situated, as we are, in the center of a great circle of trees, the first flashes of the rising sun seem to have set the nearby woods afire. Then the planet speeds its rising and within a few minutes a huge red ball is mounting over the horizon. The sun may shine with crimson rays of equal intensity in other parts of the country; but it never seems to have done its work with such lavish generosity.

On certain nights, the moon enters the contest and performs its duties even better than ever before. The reservation upon which the hospital is located is illuminated with a subdued glare. The forest, viewed from the distance of a few yards, assumes the appearance of a Robin Hood abode; the company streets wind their way like brooks in a field.

It is all free, of course, and therefore little in demand. But it might be a good idea for our city soldiers, who have seen too little of the great outdoors, and our country boys, who have seen too much of it, to cast an observing eye above and below during this heaven-sent season and discover if they have any appreciation of the wonders which surround them.

\* \* \* \* \*

## OBEYING ORDERS.

My parents told me not to smoke. I don't.  
Nor listen to a naughty joke. I don't.

They make it clear I mustn't wink  
At pretty girls or even think  
About intoxicating drink. I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong. I don't.  
Wild youth chase women, wine and song. I don't.

I kiss no girls, even one,  
I do not know how it is done.  
You wouldn't think I have much fun. I don't.

—Fly Paper, France.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It isn't the original cost, it's the upkeep," said the soldier, as he bought stamps for love letters to a few of the girls who had knitted for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us be generous. Even the bugler has someone who loves him—and would miss him.

\* \* \* \* \*

After months of saluting, it will take the discharged soldier a long time to get out of the habit of scanning shins and shoulders.

\* \* \* \* \*

Freedom of the Seas, dear army office workers, has nothing to do with the dredging of Military Channels.



# "What We Girls Go Through!"

BY ONE WHO WENT.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL \*  
\* PREPARES STUDENT NURSES \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

When the need for graduate nurses for foreign service became so great this spring, it was thought possible by the medical authorities in Washington to start training schools in connection with the Army Hospitals in this country and by so doing, release a number of graduate nurses for overseas service. This has been done in a number of the larger Army Hospitals and is proving most successful.

The class at this post entered the middle of October, 1918, thirty-six in number, coming from thirteen different States. Of this number twenty nine are still in service. They are all High School graduates and several have also had college education.

The majority have taken up the work as a war emergency, but a large percentage plan to continue their study and take up nursing as their profession. The entire course will last three years: two years to be spent in Army Hospitals, the third to include the care of women and children, by affiliation with general civilian hospitals.

The courses included in the preliminary courses are:

Anatomy and Physiology, Applied Chemistry, Bacteriology, Personal Hygiene, Hospital Housekeeping, Nutrition and Cookery, Drugs and Solutions, Elementary Nursing Principles and Methods, Bandaging, Historical, Ethical, and Social Basis of Nursing.

The subjects following the preliminary course will include:

Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Diet in Disease, Massage, Surgery, Orthopedics, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; Operating Room Technic, General Medicine, Communicable Diseases, Occupational, Venereal and Skin Diseases; Nervous and Mental Diseases; Diseases of Infants and Children, Gynecology, Obstetrics.

Public health nursing, social service and other subjects relating to the problems of the several fields of nursing and modern social conditions will be taken up in the third year.

From two to six hours daily the students have been on the wards getting the practical application of the theory studied in the lecture and demonstration rooms. Work has been done in the laboratory and visits have been made to the pharmacy.

The training given the students in the Army School of Nursing will equal in every respect that obtained in the largest civilian hospital training schools.

## NURSES FORM CLUB.

Graduate nurses of this hospital met last week and began the organization of a club which is expected to add much to the attractions of life in Nurses' Quarters. The new organization has been started with a good sized membership and the enthusiasm of the members indicates that it will have a successful existence. It will probably be known as the Graduates Nurses' Club. Meetings will be held monthly.

The officers of the new Club are Miss Margaret Hilliard, president; Miss Schell, vice president; Miss Pauline Adams, secretary; Miss Claire Wheeler, treasurer; Miss Nellie Trippe, chairman of the social committee.

It used to be great sport for us to sit around for an evening, every three or four months, and say frightfully clever things in derision of the boys in our town. We delighted in classifying ourselves as "man haters," or some such thing and we often declared that the last thought of our lives was of mere man. Secretly, we knew this was a pun and that if we should be called upon to make a sudden exit from life, our last thought would be of the life-long sorrow that would be felt and publicly expressed by a certain masculine friend who took us to the best dances and who was just tall enough to make a fine appearance in a dual march up the church aisle.

We went to the station, of course, when the boys went away to training camp. We were brave, too, and shook hands with them firmly and then rushed home to the knitting needles and to the writing desk. For a few days we girls contented ourselves with no other social doings than calling each other up evenings and reading paragraphs from our respective letters relating the soreness of muscles around training camps and why sergeants know so little about the handling of men.

Then Mabelle had us over for an evening and we all sat around for the first half hour watching the door, just as though the boys were expected in from a fraternity meeting across the street. We had displayed the training camp snapshots until each girl was bored with all photographs except her own and we had knitted yards of socks and sweaters, to the accompaniment of the Victrola, when Clarice expressed the surging sentiment of the evening by declaring:

"I hate this old war. I'm sick and tired of changing these Victrola needles."

After all it is the little things that show us how dependent we are upon the other sex.

Autumn came on and with it an occasional meeting. We had the usual recital of training camp letters, exemplification of new knitting stitches, and the inevitable lettuce sandwiches until it became evident that the individual members of our little gathering would become mortal enemies unless we disbanded or changed the morale of our meetings.

Moreover the question of "seeing the girls home" was a big problem. It was easy for the hostess, for all she had to do was switch on the porch light and bid us good night. At the first meeting, Mary Elizabeth brought her car and we all managed to crowd in and she delivered us all to our homes. It was not until she had completed the route that Mary Elizabeth remembered that she lives in an apartment house and that the car is kept in a garage at least a mile from her home. The cursed war had taken the family chauffeur and this was her first taste of night driving.

After that one experience, Mary Elizabeth was as democratic as the rest of us; she talked no more about her car. She simply crowded herself into the very center of the group when we started home and offered numerous suggestions about the shortest way home—each suggestion

meaning that the group would march directly to Mary Elizabeth's door and thereafter shift for itself in the dark mazes of the town.

I was never the last member of the crowd so I do not know all the sensations. But I have heard Marian, our athletic member who swings her arms and takes a stride like a West Pointer marching in review—I've heard her tell about trying to be brave while marching by the Edmonson home where the shrubs are covered in frosty weather and look like the "short, stout man" that is always described to the police the day after the crime. And I've heard her describe her leap for life when a mere newspaper was blown from under the swing on her porch just when she was ascending the steps.

The proposal of giving a dance seemed a good one and we applauded it the moment Mabelle suggested it. There was no sense, after all, in sitting quietly at home because the boys were away. There were a number of nice, young bachelors in town, just over the draft age, you know, and, besides Clarice's cousin, who went over with the First Division, had written that the French girls were born sirens and very fond of the American boys.

We made elaborate arrangements for the ball, procured new gowns and made appointments with the hair dresser. The bachelors rather liked the idea, they said, and consented to invite us. But they seemed to be overly fond of smoking and the easy chairs which lined the mezzanine floor. There was none of that enthusiasm that the boys used to show. They did not rush to the floor the minute the music sounded and demand many encores nor did they carry an emergency collar to be donned during the intermission. Their chief trait seemed to be tire trouble.

The blow of the evening came when the orchestra leader replied "All right, Mame," to Mary Elizabeth when she went up to him and asked him to play a Missouri waltz extra, rather soft and subdued. She told her bachelor escort about it, expecting him to proceed forth and demand an instant apology. Instead, he took the wrong cue and laughed uproariously and Mary Elizabeth ran to the ladies' room and stormed around all the time the waltz was being played.

It cost us a tremendous amount of money, too. Why even those silly little programs with the lavender ribbons and the cute, gold-tipped pencils, cost eleven dollars while our little four-piece orchestra—the boys used to have eleven—cost a fortune. And the manager of the Calorie Hotel wanted a dollar and a half for a little midnight luncheon that wasn't half as elaborate as the boys used to order, off hand, when they were here.

We are working at the canteen now. They have opened an aviation field near town and scores of the men come in every evening and on Saturdays. We all wait on tables and carry trays for miles and miles. In my dreams I hear "ham'n eggs 'n mince pie 'n coffee." They have such wonderful appetites and we are having a wonderful time feeding them. This waiting on table has solved our

## AFTER THE HOSPITAL—WHAT?

What are you planning to do when you leave the hospital? Perhaps you know; perhaps you think you know, but are not quite sure; perhaps you do not know at all, but are trying to think of something.

If you expect to return to your former profession, business, or trade, you wish to go back better equipped for success than when you left it. If you have chosen a new line of work you do not want to lose any time in learning all that you can about it. The Vocational Library will provide you with books and magazines that will be useful to you.

If you are thinking of some new employment, but want to know more about it before deciding, the Vocational Library will furnish you with books and pamphlets that will give you the information.

If you can not go back to your old job and do not know what new one to get ready for, the Vocational Library can help you. It can give you books that will tell you about a great number of different occupations, and one of them will probably be the one for you.

The Vocational Library is making big promises. It is able to do all that it offers, because if it does not have just the book or information that you desire, it has ways of getting it—and of getting it quickly.

The American Library Association Vocational Library is in the school building. The room is yours for a reading room as well as a place to get books. The librarian's services are at your command. In case you can not come to the library, the library will come to you. All that is necessary is to let your wants be known to the vocational librarian when she goes through your ward.

## THE TELEGRAPH SCHOOL.

This school is always open for men desiring to make this their future occupation in civil life. It is backed by the Federal Board of Education. Why waste time by passing this technical work up. Several patients have often been to the old postoffice for their mail, and heard the telegraph instrument clicking, and wondered if they could ever learn to read what was said. Most assuredly you can. Why not, in your spare time, come to the telegraph school and see for yourself. Experience is the greatest teacher.

Roy R. Neira.

Mr. Harry J. Thayer, vocational advisor of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, spends three days a week—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—at this hospital, where he confers with convalescent soldiers about to be discharged. He may be found at the school.

problem of what to do with ourselves for some splendid fellows come to the canteen—and most of us are through work at 8 o'clock.

There is a lot of talk in the papers about the peace conference and not nearly enough about that final parade up the main street of our town just before the boys hear the last "fall out." And when that happens I'm going to be in the front row, waiting until the officer gets through with a certain brown haired, golden toothed youth to whom I'm going to wave and shout, "Yoo Hoo! Here I am."

GRACE LAND PARK.



## WARD ROOMERS.

Breen, of Ward 26, has had the pleasure of reading his death notice sent to his home by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. He would like to receive the money, he says, if he could omit the formula of passing away.

"You know," said the lady whose motor-car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-four years."

Mr. Neverwed—What would you do if you found you had a rival for your wife's affections?

Mr. Longwed—I suppose I'd have to feed it and bathe it and take it out for an airing and pay for its license tag, same as I did for the last mutt she had.

Telegrapher Neira paid \$5.00 for two tickets to a New York musical comedy, and 50 cents war tax and then the girl said she did not like the show. And all he says about it is, "Tough luck, wot?"

The patient was having a specified amount of the Dakin solution introduced every hour. "Cut down on the Dakin solution," the ward surgeon said after examining the wound.

"How much solution would you like to have used?" asked the nurse.

"Forty C. C.s," promptly replied the surgeon. And immediately they overheard the patient say:

"Lawd! What an awful dose for one man."

The patient was most anxious for a lengthy furlough.

Nurse—Jones, the ward surgeon says you may have 30 days plus, at the end of the week.

Patient—Plus! Does that mean the guard house? What have I done to get "plus" tacked on? Thirty days is good enough for me.

(Partial collapse of all within hearing.)

Nurse—You can ask the Adjutant about the "plus" when you go up to get your furlough slip O. K.'d.

Patient—Indeed and I will not. I'm not looking for any trouble. No guard house for me if I can help it.

## K. C.

The crowd at the K. C. house had a fine entertainment Wednesday night, when a minstrel show was presented under the auspices of the K. C.'s of New Brunswick. The program contained many excellent numbers offered by such capable entertainers as Jack Donnelly, John Dougherty, Bill O'Rourke, Bill Church, Michael Smith, Eugene Morris and George Smith. The accompanist was Mrs. William Church. James Hughes was chairman of the committee of arrangements. The end men were unusually funny and the songs were appealing.

The engagement of Private Ed Lynch, Battery E, 76th Field Artillery, and Miss Nellie Courtwright, was announced at a social gathering held at the Harry Jackson home, Ise-lin, N. J. Both are residents of Brooklyn. Private Lynch is detailed to the ambulance garage while awaiting discharge papers.

## BARRACK BUNK.

Slim Brittain, of our fire department, had himself to fall the other day while trying to fasten the hose on the engine. He traveled a long way before he finally hit. His fellow fire fighters, thinking he had fainted, turned a stream of water on him and dampened Slim's ardor, not to mention his pants.

Thatcher says that the question that's worrying him is, Who is going to mend the broken hearts in Rah-way now that Druck's engagement to a girl in York, Pa., has been announced.

Sergeant Federman requests men to remove love letters from the pockets of their shirts before sending them (the shirts) to the laundry. The Sergeant says his men lose too much time reading them and copying the good passages.

Brogno and Crabtree, Q. M. C., had an argument regarding the discoverer of America. One says it was Columbus; the other, the Puritans. There being nothing in Army Regulations on this question we must leave the dispute to be settled by our readers.

## Echoes of the Ball.

Sergeant Cleary was surrounded by a bevy of orange blossoms, from Orange, N. J.

As an announcer, Sergeant Davidson should receive the Croix de Guerre.

Sergeant Heath did no dancing but was busy making trips in the elevator. Where to, Sergeant?

Sergeant Buskey devoted much time to looking for "shimmy" dancers. Better luck next time.

Our officers proved that in order to be good officers they must be good jazz dancers.

Sergeant Maslon left the post at noon to be at the Robert Treat at 8:30 p. m. He arrived at 9:40. Did he spend the time "dolling" up or did he get lost in the Bronx?

Sergeant Lawrence surely is some stepper. Did you notice him doing the Chattanooga Glide with the Girl from Rahway?

H. A. F.

Culligan (of Ward 15)—Have yuh any mail for Mike Howe.

Buskey—No, nothing for your cow nor any other cow.

Culligan—I didn't say "my cow;" I said "Mike Howe."

Buskey—"Gwan! I'm a postal man; not a dairyman. Next!"

Over at the Que Emm office the favorite song is, "She Loved Him When He Held the Wad, but Left Him When He Carried the Hod."

Miss Helen F. Kenworthy and Miss Nellie E. Bacon, nurses, have been released from the regular Army service.

Athletes Who Have Died  
In Service; America's Loss

(Continued from Page One.)

their last race. Andre, without a doubt, a man second to but few served a long term of imprisonment in a German camp only to escape and experience some stirring adventure. We all know of the sterling Georges Carpentier.

Who does not know of the losses to American athletics?

Just recently came the news of the death of the great Hobey Baker, of Princeton, killed in an airplane accident. Eddie Grant, of baseball fame, fell while leading a detachment of Americans. Old Hank Gowdy, of the Braves, serving with the Fourth Ohio Artillery, is now reported missing. Little Johnny Overton, of Yale, America's premier indoor miler, was lost at the Marne in July. Sturtevant, also of Yale, stroke of three Yale crews, is another.

Preston Witshire, another Yale athlete, also lost; Freddy Norton, of Ohio State University, one of the greatest all-around college athletes the Middle West has yet produced, killed while flying over the German lines. Fritz Pollard, of Brown, colored half back and hurdler, reported missing; "Rabbit" Curry, of Vanderbilt, all Southern quarterback for two years, killed in his first air battle. Hobbs, of Worcester Academy and Dartmouth, a good hurdler, met a similar death. No doubt there are others of whom we have not heard.

Sergeant Harry Stack,  
Irish-American A. C.

## RED CROSS.

The patients enjoyed a splendid concert last Sunday.

John R. Baumann, the Rahway florist, came to the rescue of the Red Cross when it came time to decorate the building for the concert. He contributed a number of plants which added much to the beauty of the scene.

The convalescent soldiers will have a dancing party of their own next Monday night in the Red Cross House. They are making big plans for the evening and expect to have one of the most enjoyable functions of the season. Girls from nearby towns have been invited. The hours of the dance are from 7 to 10. Capt. P. W. Stevens, of the Red Cross staff, is in charge of the arrangements.

Major Albee, Chief of the Surgical Service, is confined to his home at Colonia because of an attack of influenza. The reports from his home are that Major Albee is well along the road to recovery and that he will soon return to his duties here.

Statement to Wounded  
By Surgeon General

(Continued from Page One.)

that he can not return to his old occupation. (e) Advice in regard to vocational re-education and occupation for discharge. Also in regard to compensation to which he may be entitled from the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

Whether you take advantage of the opportunities offered you by the Educational Service depends upon yourself. You are not required to do so. It will not affect the length of time that you will remain in the hospital. The opportunities are offered to you to assist your recovery in the shortest length of time possible, so that you may spend the time that you are in the hospital undergoing treatment for your own best personal advantage.

All men who have been disabled so that they can not follow their old occupation, or can not follow it successfully, are provided by the Government with an opportunity for re-education for new occupation after cured and discharged from the Army. This re-education is under the direction of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. It may be in a college, technical trade, commercial or agricultural school near his home or in an industrial plant or on a farm. The Government pays the entire expense, including the cost of instruction and living expenses. If any man has dependents, the Government pays for them the same allowances that it paid while he was a soldier.

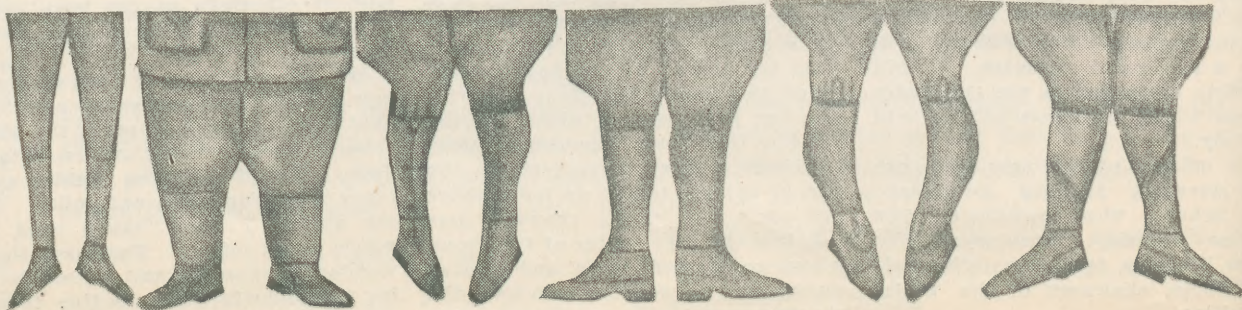
\*\*\*\*\*  
NURSE-RY RHYMES.  
\*\*\*\*\*

## Nurses' Questionnaire.

Nurses dark and nurses fair,  
All filled out this questionnaire,  
Of black or white or brownish hue.  
This questionnaire applies to you.  
First: Designate your appellation.  
Also where and what your station.  
Married, single or divorced,  
All must be confessed, of course.  
Don't be bashful, don't be shy,  
Age? Be truthful. Don't you lie.  
When and where you came to town?  
How and where you settled down?  
Tell your history past and present,  
Your future life is incandescent.  
Nurses do not get so nervous.  
Have you previous army service?  
This is the blessed questionnaire,  
Filled out by nurses debonaire.

## The Scrap of Paper.

The Guard House detail was spearing loose paper which had gathered around the Post Exchange. "This," said the Guard House philosopher, "would be an ideal place for Bill Hohenzollern."



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



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## 382 "Medics" Cited; Gave Aid Fearlessly

been compiled and placed on file in the office of the Surgeon General. This list gives the name, rank and organization of every enlisted Medical Department man who was cited by his company or division commander to receive any honor whatsoever. In addition several entire companies of ambulance men were cited for bravery.

The list shows that 382 "medics" were cited.

The bravery of the ambulance driver, of the ambulance attendant, or of the base, evacuation or field hospital enlisted man or officer, is a different kind of bravery from that of the line soldier. While the infantryman is advancing over the top along with his comrades, with the lust of battle hot within him and the excitement kept at fever heat by the surroundings, he clutches his gun more tightly than ever and resolves to run the enemy through at first sight and first chance. And in the majority of cases he does it. When the machine gunner lies in ambush—with his "typewriter" ready to click and spit mingled fire and death, it is little wonder that he reverts back seven or eight aeons and gets the aboriginal spirit within him so that to kill becomes a pleasure. The surroundings, the weapons with which he is fighting are particularly conducive to this feeling. It is so, too, with the artilleryman, with the airman, wheeling and swooping and darting, trying to get the range of the enemy. All are equipped with death-

dealing weapons of some sort, weapons that shoot, and shoot to kill, so that the chances are even at least.

Picture the ambulance man going forward under fire to pick up the wounded. Instead of a Browning machine gun he has a first-aid packet, or perhaps a litter. His weapons are those of aid and succor instead of death and destruction. If a German climbed out of a trench hole in front of him with a bayonet he might possibly fight back with revolver or a package of iodine swabs, but little else. His business is not to fight, it is true; it is to take care of those who do fight. But in doing that little thing it is generally necessary to get up pretty close to where the fighting is.

Understand, the Medical Department isn't kicking because it is not provided with pocket machine guns or Malay kris to carry along in case of sudden attack. This is merely a statement of what its duties are and how these duties are carried out. And what is particularly emphasized is the fact that simply because the medical men haven't any guns is no sign they aren't regular soldiers. In fact, it's a sure sign they are.

### \*\*\*\*\* \* CHAPEL SERVICES. \* \*\*\*\*\*

1. WHAT? There are Chapel services at this post.

2. WHY? To help you to render to God the things that are God's.

3. WHERE? In the gymnasium of the Physical Therapy Building.

4. WHEN? On Sunday mornings. At 8:30 mass will be said for Catholics. At 10:30 Post services (undenominational) will be conducted.

### MERCY HOUSE HOSTESS.

Mrs. Bennet has succeeded Mrs. Badeau as hostess of Mercy House and is devoting her time to making all sorts of nice things for the boys who visit the House and to helping maintain the homelike atmosphere of the canteen. She is planning a number of delectable surprises, one of which, we hear, is a breakfast dedicated to the general distribution of cakes and sausages. Mrs. Bennet is being ably assisted by Miss Berdan and Mrs. McCauley.

The Non-Commissioned Officers' Club will have a "smoker" next Thursday night, their guests being all non-coms at the Post. The detachment mess hall will be used and Sergeant Ingelse, the mess sergeant, has promised to provide the refreshments. It will be the first of the Thursday night meetings to be held since the Club decided to give up Monday as a meeting night.

### WARD 23.

(Contributed secretly.)

Lieutenant Lasher received a bad fright recently when, during a hard session of "bunk fatigue," the Major came along and taking the Lieutenant for a sick man, ordered him back to a ward. And he had a date that night!

Lieutenant Moore, who is noted as a slight sleeper, lost the caduceus which ornaments his collar. It disappeared during a nap. Later he found it under his shoulder strap. He still seeks an explanation.

Even though Lieutenant Treichler has a keen sense of humor, is it quite fair to accuse him of perpetrating all the jokes?

### \*\*\*\*\* \* THE ARMY—EACH MAN \* WHERE HE BELONGS. \* \*\*\*\*\*

Consider the Go-Getters at the Ambulance Garage. In civil life: Sergeant Harrison played nine stringed instruments and held the oboe championship of Puddle Dock, N. H.

Frank Lynch was noted as a lecturer and historian.

Ed Lynch drove a team in Brooklyn.

Cotton picked corn in Michigan. Eben was a weaver in a mill in Reading, Pa.

Kluin was a butter and egg merchant.

### IT'S A CRUEL WORLD.

As editor of this hospital sheet we were much interested, when in wandering about the Red Cross House, we came to a door marked "Press room." Someone has fixed up a regular room for us, we thought. Mr. Culin, of the Red Cross staff, opened the door for us and then we saw an electric iron, a pressing board and other paraphernalia for pressing clothes.

The next station is Reading. Don't forget your parcels!

First Lieutenant Charles W. Robinson, M. C., has reported at this station and has been assigned to the officer in charge of Physical Therapy.

### AT MERCY HOUSE.

Long—I can't eat this chipped beef.

Volunteer Worker—Oh, I'm so sorry. What's the matter with it?

Long—I haven't got any fork.



## CROSS KEYS INN

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